

HILLSDALE WHIG STANDARD.

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The Subscriber having taken this Re-

cess and is ready to attend to his old custom-

ers as usual, in his line of business.

M. WILCOX.

Courting in French Hollow.

BY "SOLITAIRE."

From J. S. Robb's volume of stories just published by Carey and Hart.

"Courtin' is all sick enough when every-

body's agreed, and the gal-haint got

no mischance in her; but when an exten-

sive family, old maw, cross daddy, and

romantic old maw all want to put their

fingers into the young un's dish of sweet

doing; and the gal's frictions besides, why

a feller that's yearned arter matrimony

is mity likely to git his fires dampened,

or burst his baler."

Thus reasoned Tom Bent to a select

party of river cronies, who were seated

around him upon the boiler deck of a

Mississippi steamer, as she sped along

one bright night in June, somewhere in

the neighborhood of Bayou Teche. The

subject was courtin', and on that particu-

lar question Tom was considered an or-

acle, for, besides having a strong preachin'

for the sex, he had run many risks to in-

gratinate himself in their affections. Tom

was now fast falling into these a and yel-

low leaf-bachelorism, and although he

had vowed unalterable affection of to at

least one fair one in each town between

the mouth and the rapids, he still remain-

ed in unblest singleness.

"How about that affair of your'n with

old Fecho's gal, in St. Louis, Tom?" in-

quired one of the circle.

"What, that tittle French gal?" in-

quired Tom, with a grin; "well, that was

a sassy scrape boy, and though the laugh

is agin me thar, I'm blessed if I don't

git you the circumstance." So Tom

squared himself for a yarn, wet his lips

with a little corn juice, took a small strip

of Missouri weed, and 'let out.'

"That gal of old Fecho's war about the

poosty creature, for a foreigner, I ever

took a chate arter; her eyes, just floated

about in her head like a star's shadow on

a Mississippi wave, and her model was

trim as the steamer Eagle, 'sides her pad-

dles war the cleanest shaped finks that

ever propelled anythin' human, and her

laugh rung like a challenge bell on a

'fast trip'—it couldn't help it. I danced

with her at some of the balls in French-

town, and thar I gin to edge up and talk

tender at her, but she only laughed at my

sweetenin'. Arter a spell, when I cum

it strong about affection, and the neces-

sity of twin's side and side together, she

told me her daddy wouldn't let her marry

an American! 'E! I warn't enoged at

this I wouldn't say so. The old feller

war a sittin' on a bench smokin' and

lookin' on at the dance, and I jest wish-

ed him a hot berth for a spell. 'Well, Marie,

said I, 'I melt the old man down will

you gin it?

"Oh," says she, 'you so vair strong at

vat you call coze, I shall not know how

to say one leetle no.'

"So havin' fix'd it all with her smooth

as a full freight and June rise, I drew up

alongside of the old feller, just as he had

cleared his chimney for a fresh draw of

his pipe. Old Fecho had been a moun-

tain trader, was strong timbered, not

much the worse for ware, and looked

wicked as a tree'd bear. I fired up and

generated an inch or two more steam,

and then blew off at him. 'That's an on-

conscienceable sick gal of your'n, says I,

to begin with; and it did tickle his fancy

to have her cracked up, 'cause he thought

her creation's finisshin' touch—so did I!

"Oui, said I, 'says old Fecho, 'she vair

leetle gal, von angol wizeout do ving, she

is, sair, mine only von file.

"Well, she is a scrounger," answered I,

'a perfect high pressure, and no dispatel.'

"Vat you mean by him, eh? vat you call

sc-r-ounger, hef vat is he sair; my leetle

gal no var you call von sc-r-ounger, sair,

and here old Fecho went off into a mad

fit, just as ef I'd called her bad names—

I tried to put down his 'safety valve,' but

he would blow off his wrath; and workin'

himself into a perfect froth of rage, he

swore to would take the little gal off

home; and I'm blessed of he didn't. As

soon as I eyed the old feller startin' I got

in his wake and followed him, determin'

to find out whar he located; and arter an

eternal long windin' thro' one street arter

another, down he dived into French Hol-

low. Just as he war about to enter a

house built agin the side of a hill, the old

feller heard my footsteps, and turnin'

round in the darkness he shouted—

"Ah, ha! von sneak Yankee doodle, vat

call my leetle gal von sc-r-ounger, I

shall cut you all up into von leetle piece

vidout von whide."

"You know, boys, I ain't easy skeer'd,

but I own up that old feller did kind a

make me skeery, they told sich stories a-

bout the way he used to skin lugios, that

I gin to think it was about best to let him

have both sides of the channel he war

wanted to, so I didn't dur to go see Marie

for a long spell. One day I felt a strong

hankerin', and jest stroll'd about the hol-

low to git a glimpse on her, and sure en-

ough thar she war, a leetle out the

windin', smilin' like the moon in a sea-

sleepin' bayou. I staid up and lookin' at

her, and asked her ef I dur cum and sit up

with her 'lat evenin'." I told her I was

jest flitterin' away to nothin' thinkin' on

her, and a small mite of courtin' would

spur me up amazin'; and then I gin her

sich a look, that she flittered into con-

sent as easy as a mokin' bird whistles.

"Oh, oui, you shall come some time dis

night, when mon pere is gone to the ca-

haret; but you must be vair quiet as von

leotat rat, vat they call de mouse, and

go vay before he come back to be mawin'."

In course I promised to do just as she

said. I kissed my hand to her, and said

our revoir, as the French say for good-by,

and then paddled off to wait for night.

felt wass than oneasy until the time ar-

rived, and when it did git around I gin to